

Barricade

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Summary: A resistance fighter's view from the E3 2003 movie "Barricade".

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>
A resistance fighter's view on the war against the Combine.
Taken from the E3 movie "Barricade".

>

>
I emerge from the darkness of the alley.

>
There are six of us altogether, excluding the orange-suited guy and the man in the Combine uniform.

>
The blockade at the end of the road looms ominously, Combine soldiers' and cops' faces blank behind their gasmasks. They are extremely intimidating, but hell would freeze over before I told one of them that.

>
The only cover on the open road is cars. Lots and lots of cars strewn all over the place, most pumped full of bullets, rendering them useless for defense.

>
We all clutch our MP7s nervously. The Heckler and Koch-made weapon has never let me down before. I hope that it doesn't fail now, at the most crucial of times.

>
The orange-suited man, also known as Gordon Freeman, beckons to us, his eyes determined behind his spectacles. I drop behind a car, riddled with bullet holes, and wait for his go.

>
But in the end I don't follow Gordon, I follow the pseudo-Combine, Barney Calhoun. We split up equally and we go in separate directions.

>
Gordon's crew dashes across the street, and Combine fire flies past them. Two gasmasked faces appear over a fence, and I shudder in spite of myself.

>
Gordon removes a grey cylinder from his belt, and pulls an attachment from it. Throwing it as far as possible, he crouches down and covers his ears.

>
A resounding explosion is heard, the heat scorches our faces and shrapnel rains down. A jagged piece of metal slices my arm, and I wince, feeling the steady throbbing and sharp pain. However, I

thankfully am still able to pull the trigger on my submachinegun.

>
Simultaneously, Gordon's team sprints across the road, and we dive for cover behind another totaled car.

>
Bad choice.

>
The red sensor of an auto-gun turret lights up, and automatic fire blasts the metal chassis. We cannot lift our heads up to fire for fear of getting cut to pieces.

>
Another cylinder flies from across the street, undoubtedly another high-explosive grenade from the Black Mesa scientist. We scramble to our feet and run, no longer caring about the hail of bullets coming from the turret's single machinegun.

>
We pump our legs harder and harder, beads of perspiration pouring down our face. A resistance fighter is shot in the leg, but Barney and I haul him to safety in an alleyway.

>
The shock wave knocks us off our feet, and we fly through the air, landing in a heap of arms and legs. The turret's twisted black chassis slams into the pavement, barely missing my head. Its siren goes off, screaming warnings shrilly. It finally shorts out, crumpling to the floor.

>
We peek over the car, and I get my first taste of action. My finger curls and lead flies out in a fiery stream. Red splotches appear on a metrocop's blue uniform, followed by another on his head. He flies backward from the force of the slug, and flips over a car, his body folded.

>
Gordon beckons us over, and we strafe across the street, firing madly. Gordon and his team give us cover, and we reach there with no casualties...

>
...wait.

>
The limping fighter is struck by one bullet. He jerks and clutches his chest, blood seeping from between his fingers. Another strikes his other leg, making fall to the ground, his jaw hitting the asphalt. More lead peppers his helpless body, and he falls, throwing his submachinegun and ammunition towards us in a last attempt.

>
The last shot fired from the blockade snatches his life away. Gordon picks up the discarded weapon, bows his head in silent prayer, and when his eyes open again, they are filled with tears.

>
I notice that my submachinegun has been shot dry. Tossing the empty magazine away, I ram a fresh one into my weapon. Soon all the bullets in it will be embedded in Combine flesh.

>
Or so I hope.

>
Gordon tells us tersely to cover him as he and his group of resistance fighters runs into an abandoned building, a mere few feet away so that he can open the gate and destroy the blockade. However, Barney notices that those few feet is where the Combine concentrates their fire.

>
They run, and Barney opens fire, bullets streaking out towards the blockade, not really directed at anything. They mark their arrival with sounds of metal on metal, and hopefully metal on fabric and flesh.

>
I rise from my crouching position and pull the trigger. Each shot takes away one crucial chance of survival against this inhumane war machine, my mind says. Soon Gordon reaches the building, and ducks inside, leaping over a pile of rubble near the entrance.

>
We continue to fire, Barney adding a grenade of his own. Yet it is only meant for a diversion, and the grenade is ineffective.

>
A flare streaks into the sky from an elevated platform, coming

from a Combine metrocop's gun. This can only mean trouble.

>
An explosion of gunfire comes from behind the barricade, and the Combine look at each other in shock and confusion. They turn around, caught by surprise, and this is our cue to open fire. Gordon has managed to breach the defenses.

>
Barney kills two, and the other resistance fighter manages to take out the one on the platform, and he falls at least six storeys to the road. The sound of gears turning and metal scraping on metal screeches, and we turn around. The gate has been opened.

>
We cheer, and run for the gate, only to be stopped by a familiar humming sound. We stop dead in our tracks, and look at each other in horror. This is a sound we have feared since we entered City 17.

>
Combine Gunship.

>
There it is, hovering over the buildings, streaking down towards us and pulling up at the last second. We run backwards with our guns pointed at the newcomer, knowing that if we trip, it will be our last mistake.

>
The gunship is not to be toyed with. It is extremely fast, even though it looks like a huge manatee flying in the air, and its firepower is on par with that of the most advanced tank in the world today.

>
Barney goes through the gate.

>
The other fighter goes through the gate... almost.

>
The gunship opens fire from the cannons in its nose, and an unearthly blue light streaks out. His back explodes in a shower of red liquid. He stands for a moment in disbelief, then crumples to the floor, stone dead.

>
I stop, and open fire, 9-millimetre copper-jacketed steel streaking out from my MP7's barrel, the casings flying out from the opening at the top. I see the holes the bullets make in the fuselage and nose, but they are sealed up instantly. _So, the gunship is partially organic_, I muse.

>
The two fins for maneuverability flap pathetically, and the gunship's propulsion fan increases its speed. The cannons point towards me.

>
I turn and run, but the electric blue lasers are faster. There is an intense pain in the small of my back, and I scream in agony. My legs are shot out from under me-- literally. What remains of me is a mere torso, my legs having been burnt to a crisp by the intense heat of the laser.

>
As I hit the ground, the gunship flies over, the downwash of the fan bathing me in wind. The hot asphalt feels good on my back, And it would be better if I did not have the knowledge that I will die in a few seconds.

>
And those are the last things I feel.

>
_Warmth, pain, and sadness.

>
_END

End
file.